

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old World moulds aside she
threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and
true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to
lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to
be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again
and thrust.
His was no lonely mountain-peak of
mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy
bars,

A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors
blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest
stars.

Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface
And thwart her genial will;
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us
face to face.

I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.

So always firmly he:
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;

These all are gone, and, standing like a
tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing
man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not
blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.
—*James Russell Lowell.*

MEMORY PICTURES OF LINCOLN.

I was riding "my" horse when I caught
my first glimpse of President Lincoln.
Accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln, he was
driving in his carriage to his temporary resi-
dence, the Soldiers' Home. It was in the
summer of 1864. I had been promoted from
hallboy in the central office of the Sanitary
Commission to be the chief clerk's first assist-
ant, and one of the perquisites of the position
happened to be the privilege of riding the
chief clerk's horse—a coal-black stallion with
a running record on the Long Island course.
Many regarded the horse as the most beau-
tiful horse in the District, and I, at least,
knew him to be one of the fastest.

One evening, as I was passing the Presi-

dent's carriage, I was quick to notice that the man who sat leaning forward with his elbows upon his knees was the President himself. He was quite as quick to notice the points of the horse I rode, and, out of respect for the noble animal, he waved his hand and bowed to the young rider. After that informal introduction, he was wont to watch the stallion as he pranced or flew past the carriage, and he never omitted the salute—which I rightly interpreted as a mark of respect for the handsomest horse in the District.

The thing I remember most vividly about the President's face at that time was its extreme sadness. I had read much of Lincoln's quaint humor and of his fondness for telling droll stories; I was therefore shocked to find that the real Lincoln's countenance was the saddest I had ever beheld. I afterward learned that the position in which I first saw him—his elbows on his knees and his hands supporting his head—had become habitual. The break in his physical strength had already begun.

Years afterward Schuyler Colfax told me that in the summer of 1864 the President was conscious that his load was greater than he could physically bear. Fully a year or more before his assassination his nearest friends realized that he was breaking in health and that he could not long survive the end of his second term.

Now let us pass over into the eventful year, 1865, and consider Lincoln the orator.

The fourth day of March, the day of his second inauguration, was raw and disagreeable. About eleven o'clock that Saturday morning the sun came out and somewhat enlivened the scene at the east entrance of the Capitol—a sombre scene at best. Thousands of people stood in the mud and patiently waited for the President to appear. I had never heard the man whose debates with Douglas had inspired my boyish admiration, and I was expecting great things from his oratory.

President Lincoln, fresh from the solemn inauguration ceremonies in the Senate Chamber, took his stand at the top of the steps leading to the east entrance of the Capitol, and after a few preliminaries began to read his now world-famous Second Inaugural Address. His face was so solemn that I wondered that anyone could think him light and trifling.

LINCOLN THE ORATOR.

At first I was disappointed. I looked for oratorical flourish; but there before me stood only an earnest man with a few sheets

of manuscript in his hand, from which he was conscientiously reading. He was bent only on uttering certain words that needed to be spoken. Occasionally he would look up over his old-fashioned, heavy-rimmed spectacles at the listening thousands, and would repeat a clause or sentence from memory. At such times his voice gathered power, and his audience felt the thrill of his suppressed emotion and the force of his intense earnestness.

As he neared the close of his address, he scarcely looked at his manuscript. With grandly simple, almost pathetic, eloquence he uttered those historic words—words that can never grow commonplace: "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'"

Then, with fatherly counsel and injunction, he added the oft-quoted closing words:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in,—to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan,—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Let me present another aspect of this many-sided character. During the momentous week when Grant was hammering at the gates of the Confederate capital, the President, feeling in every fibre of his being that the end was near, took passage for City Point, in order that with his own eager eyes, weary with long watching, he might see the last act in the drama of war—and, I doubt not, that he might check any overt and unseemly act, should occasion require.

Late one afternoon, while he was resting from his writing on the gunboat *River Queen*, he observed several little kittens, hardly able to stand, blindly crawling about the floor. He lifted them tenderly to his desk, and for some time watched their movements, as if pondering the greatest of all problems—the mystery of life. Seeing a loosening film over the eye of one of the kittens, he carefully wiped it away with his handkerchief and, as he placed the little fellow on the floor again, said gently, "There, little

one, I've done for you what even your mother couldn't do."

As I have time and again recalled to my mind that incidental use of the word "mother," I have thought that at that moment there must have come to the President some recollection of the delicate, hard-worked woman who had toiled and struggled for her son, and who yet in her poverty felt that she could do so little for him. What the word "mother" meant to this man can be inferred from his oft-quoted saying to a friend: "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother—blessings on her memory!"

A few days later, I saw still another side of Lincoln's nature. The incident occurred in the rush of events following the close of the war and has escaped the attention of biographers and historians. It was the afternoon of April 10, 1865. The end that the President had unceasingly prayed for and struggled toward had come. Richmond had fallen. Lee had surrendered, and—although we could hardly realize it—the war was over. Some two hundred youths, mostly employed in the departments, headed by a band of music engaged for the occasion, marched to the White House to welcome President Lincoln back from the front.

Strikingly different was the Lincoln of 1865 from the Lincoln of a few years before. The lean, muscular man who in 1861 had come out of the West had sadly aged. His black frock coat fitted him loosely. The deep lines of care on his sallow face had deepened into furrows. His cheeks were sunken, his cheek bones unduly prominent. But a marvelous change had come over him since I had last seen him. The wearied look was gone, and his deep-set gray eyes flashed with a jubilant expression that told the story of a lifted burden.

"DIXIE."

After listening to the music, the President good-naturedly complied with our demand for a speech. He said that, as he was then in the midst of preparing a speech on reconstruction, which he had promised to deliver on the following evening, he would now say no more than that he appreciated this tribute of regard from the youths and young men of the departments, and profoundly rejoiced with them in the thought that the nation was saved. Then the old humorous expression of other days came to his now habitually sad face and, turning to a reporter at his elbow, he remarked that he did not dare to say anything more

lest the reporter should fail to quote him right to the country. "Such things have been done, you know," he added with a smile. Then, turning to the leader of the band, he said:

"The Confederacy has one tune I very much like, and, since we've captured the Confederacy, I think the tune goes with it. Just to please me, will the band strike up 'Dixie'?"

The leader gave the word, and the band played the familiar air of the Confederacy. The President kept time with his big foot, and a genial smile made his strong, homely face almost beautiful.

On the evening of April 11th, about two thousand people—perhaps more—gathered in the driveway and upon the lawn in front of the White House to listen to the President's speech on the all-important subject of the hour—reconstruction. It was a dark night and rain was falling; hundreds of umbrellas massed together made an imperfect covering for the shivering crowd. The dim lights from the outdoor gas jets and from the executive mansion gave a weird appearance to the throng, and the hollow sound of raindrops falling upon the canopy of umbrellas accentuated the strangeness of the scene.

Soon after eight o'clock some one raised the historic east window over the front entrance of the White House, and presently the tall, angular form of the President was silhouetted against the background of light. Without formality he began to read his speech—one for which the country had impatiently waited, and one which, except for the untimely death of its author, would undoubtedly have led to a wise settlement of the vexing question of the hour.

THE RECONSTRUCTION SPEECH.

The somewhat metallic voice, in which was a suggestion of the quaintness of the man behind the voice, was clear and distinct to those within the limits of the semicircular driveway; but it did not carry much farther. Conscious of the importance of the subject, the President rarely lifted his eyes from his manuscript, and then only to round some familiar period. That historic address related to an experiment in reconstruction then going on in Louisiana. The President pointed out the difficulties that surrounded the whole question of reconstruction, chief of which was the adverse criticism of certain journals in the North. He frankly declared that, should his Louisiana experiment fail to work satisfactorily, he would promptly abandon it. He showed that it was foolish

to discuss conflicting theories about the status of the seceded states, for the problem was a practical one—merely that of placing them in normal relations with the general government.

"Let us all join," he said, "in doing the acts necessary to restore the proper practical relations between the states and the Union, and"—with a smile on his face—"each forever after innocently indulge his own opinion" whether the states had been brought back from without the Union, or had never been out of it.

The next time I saw the President, on April 17th, he lay in his coffin in the East Room of the White House. His pale, calm face not at all suggested the terrors of that fateful night of April 14th, when, in the midst of his rejoicing and at the height of his great fame, he was laid low in death. That night of horror! I recall it with a shudder even now.—*From The Youth's Companion.*

THE STILL HOUR.

As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise.
Oh, looking from some heavenly hill,
Or from the shade of saintly palms,
Or silver reach of river calms,
Do those large eyes behold me still?
With me one little year ago:—
The chill weight of the winter snow
For months upon her grave has lain;
And now, when summer south-winds blow
And briar and harebell bloom again,
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
I see the violet-sprinkled sod,
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak
The hillside flowers she loved to seek,
Yet following me where'er I went
With dark eyes full of love's content.
The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills
The air with sweetness; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings.
And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold

Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while in life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?
—*From Snow-Bound,*
by John G. Whittier.

To know that there are some souls, hearts, and minds, here and there, who trust us and whom we trust; some who know us and whom we know; some on whom we can always rely and who will always rely on us,—makes a paradise of this great world. The only solid thing in this universe is love. This makes our life really life. This makes us immortal while we are here. This makes us sure that death is no end, but only a beginning to us and to all we love. It is only love and insight which show us all we have ever done. Cold sagacity misjudges us: mere sympathy, feeble good nature, soothes, but does not essentially help us. But love illuminated by truth, truth warmed through and through by love,—these perform for us the most blessed thing that one human being can do for another. They show us to ourselves, they show us what we really are, what we have been, may be, can be, shall be.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

The following are offered by Mrs. J. B. Osborn, 17 Keswick Street, Boston, Mass.: Arithmetic (Books 2 and 3), Wentworth & Smith; Appleton's Standard Arithmetic; Plane Geometry; Business Arithmetic for Secondary Schools, Thurston; Standard Arithmetic, Milne; Hygiene for the Worker; Elements of Business Arithmetic, Bigelow & Arnold; Hagar's Elementary Algebra; New School Algebra, Wentworth; Essentials of English Grammar; The Art of

Speech (1-2), Townsend; Sheldon's General History; Tennyson's Poems; "Lady of the Lake" (2 copies); "Longer English Poems"; "Lay of the Last Minstrel"; Andrew's Ovid; "Case of Richard Meynell," Mrs. Ward; Holy Bible; "Frederick the Great and Court," "Daughter of an Empress," Mühlbach; "Varieties of Religious Experience," William James; German Book (children).

The work has grown so it is no longer easy for the Book Club Secretary to care for all that pertains to the Club. The following ladies have volunteered to take charge of the different interests:—

FOR SCRAPS FOR PATCHWORK, FOR REQUESTS, OR FOR OFFERS, TO MRS. CAROLINE E. DAVIS, 548 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, LEXINGTON, MASS.

FOR MUSIC, FOR REQUESTS OR OFFERS, TO MRS. THOMAS LACEY, 145 GRAND VIEW AVENUE, WOLLASTON, MASS.

REQUESTS.

1. Will the friends of the Cheerful Letter Club please accept my heartfelt thanks for all their kindness to me? All reading sent me reaches a score of homes. Good story-books and pictures or picture-books for my two children aged twelve and nine years would be greatly appreciated. I wish everybody a happy and prosperous New Year. Mrs. John Henderson, Sandidges, Virginia.

2. Mrs. J. B. Triplett, Muskogee, Oklahoma, 905 South K Street, will be glad of reading for herself and pictures for her little children aged six and four years.

3. Your address was given me by a friend to whom you have sent literature. Please send me some books to read this winter. I will pass along anything you send to my neighbors who do not have any reading matter. My pastor is Rev. Eugene Carr, Atkinson, North Carolina, Presbyterian church. I hope you can send me some soon. Mrs. D. C. Fennell, Kerr, North Carolina.

4. Mrs. Leonard Blankenship, Chatham, Virginia, asks for reading. She is in poor health and gets out but little. She has four children whose ages are from ten to three. The little boy is ten and would like reading.

5. I should love to have the book "Life of Christ," also *Woman's Home Companion*, a song book, Christmas cards, and quilt

pieces. My health is not very good and we live in a very lonesome spot. Will thank you so much if you can send me something. Mrs. C. W. Pendleton, Elamsville, Virginia.

6. I am very anxious to secure a book of synonyms and antonyms. (Rev.) Alan Preasley Wilson, 3902 Preisstman Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

7. I have a very poor friend who has walked but little for years. She has to sit in a wheeled chair most of the time. Time drags on her hands when she has nothing to do, and she so loves to do patchwork; and too she really needs new comforters for the winter. I should so much love to have scraps for patchwork, woollen preferred. Address Mrs. Jane Blackburn, Ringgold, Morgan County, Ohio.

8. Mrs. J. W. Williamson, Floyd, Virginia, R. F. D. 1, will be glad of magazines and picture-books and cards for "her two small children."

9. I have never written to *The Cheerful Letter* before. I am a poor woman with six children, two boys and four girls, the oldest eighteen years, the youngest three. I should appreciate some picture-books, cards, etc., and suitable reading for them. I myself would appreciate something to read; my husband also loves to read. We should be so glad to receive something. I am sure we are in every way worthy. I have never been able to buy my children books; they love books and post-cards. Address Mrs. R. M. Tyree, Concord, Virginia.

10. Will some one please send me Longfellow's Poems, especially "Evangeline," Kingsley's "Westward Ho," and any other poems or instructive books? I should also appreciate magazines. Address Miss Nora Carlton, Boomer, North Carolina.

11. Mrs. M. Bates, 1409 Des Moines Street, Des Moines, Iowa, will be most grateful for a good novel.

[Mrs. Bates is so situated she cannot visit the Library herself and has no one to go for her, so let us give her the cheer which she so much needs.]

12. Anything in the way of reading matter or letters will be most welcome to Mrs. Nellie B. Wilbur, 2235 M Street, San Diego, California.

13. *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Woman's Home Companion*, or *Delineator* will be appreciated by Mary E. Jones, Route 10, Box 46, Greenville, Tennessee.

14. Mrs. Martha J. Nelson, Campbell, North Carolina, R. F. D. 1, will enjoy light reading.

15. A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to my *Cheerful Letter* friends! Words cannot express my enjoyment and appreciation of the literature that has been sent me from time to time. It is also read by several of my friends and neighbors. May our Father bless you for the good work you are doing. Mitford Quisenberg, Marion, Virginia.

16. I should like very much to receive any good reading. I should be so glad of a Bible. I am a young married woman and have just gone to keeping house. Any story magazines will be gladly received. I should be so glad of a correspondent. I wrote once before, but my letter was not printed. Address Mrs. Mary Brewer, Ansonville, North Carolina.

17. Mrs. Mamie Shelton, Campbell, North Carolina, a semi-invalid, will be glad of light reading. She has four children, three boys and a girl of four years, and asks for reading and pictures for them.

18. Mrs. Gertrude Bright, Roosevelt, Oklahoma, R. 3, living out in the country on a rented farm, where it is difficult to make a living, has three girls aged seven, five and three; is very fond of good reading, and will appreciate any magazines or books and any little picture-books for the children.

19. Tennyson's *Poems*, "The Inside of the Cup," and "Light of Asia" are asked for by Mrs. L. W. Cralle, Highlands, North Carolina.

20. "Life of Christ" and "Second Coming of Christ" are asked for by Mrs. J. Dodd, Sandidges, Virginia, Route 2.

21. Miss Alice Rogers, Sandidges, Virginia, is now back in her old home, with her father, who is very feeble. She will be most grateful for *Scribner's* or *Home Companion*. [Miss Rogers is particularly deserving, so let us help her in her loneliness. Any reading will be welcome.]

22. Miss Lena D. Rackley, Kerr, North Carolina, will be glad of reading matter for

herself and aged mother, as they are quite lonely.

23. Mrs. Emma R. Craig, Stella, Virginia, will be glad of post-cards for her children and stories for herself.

24. Lester Hall, Elamsville, Virginia, enjoys reading and asks for *St. Nicholas*.

25. Mrs. M. A. Cooper, Delano, Minnesota, R. F. D. 1, asks for reading.

26. Mrs. Bettie A. Short, Elamsville, Virginia, would like to receive any books or magazines. Her husband has been ill and her own health is not good.

NOTICE.

Each month you are asked to send requests and offers to the Book Club secretary. Will *all* kindly heed this notice and send all letters for the Book Club to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass., and *not* to the other officers? Their departments are different, and inconvenience and delay are sure to result by the neglect of this rule.

Also bear in mind that no contributions will be accepted unless written in ink and on one side of the paper only.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

THE TORMENTORS.

Lucy had now been long enough with her cousins for their deferential manner to wear off, and she was beginning to understand the full force of Rosie's pathetic tone, when she one day declared to her mother emphatically, that "Great boys were always teases." On this particular morning, Arthur and Harry, revelling in a new and vulnerable subject, had subjected their little cousin to the full brunt of their battery of torment, first on the subject of her needing fires, and then on being afraid of ghosts, "and wanting mamma to keep the *bogies* off." Lucy, not knowing that her best defence was silence, tried to reply, and her indignation only provoked their mirth. She endeavored to rush out of the room; but Arthur was at the door first, with his back to it, facing her most provokingly. Constance sat on the window-seat looking on, sometimes laughing, and at others expostulating, though, on the whole, rather enjoying the scene.

"No; we are not going to let you go yet," said Harry; "you must learn to stand fire

as the other girls do; why, Rosie would be ashamed to cry."

"It's mamma that stands fire," said Arthur.

"All the more reason she should learn to do it, and save mamma the expense," retorted Harry. "See, she's going to cry, I declare—tears a shilling a bottle!"

And Lucy fairly burst into tears.

"I hate you, boys!—I quité hate you!—You are not gentlemen at all!—You are cruel and wicked!—Let me go to Aunt Gordon!"

Harry danced round her, mockingly singing "Cry baby, cry!" while Arthur seized her, and carried her to the fire, exclaiming—

"Dear! dear! we mustn't have our beauty spoiled in this way. I must dry the tears at once."

And seating her on his knee, he threw her backwards, with her head hanging down in front of the large fire. Lucy screamed, and Harry coming up, told her in as ferocious a voice as he could assume, that she should be "roasted if she didn't hush."

"Arthur, Arthur!" exclaimed Constance, jumping up, "you must not do that; it is quite cruel."

She interposed her apron, as she spoke, between the fire and Lucy's face; but Lucy's weight, while struggling, was rather more than Arthur could manage, and in a few seconds he was rolling on the floor with his victim.

"She'll be off! she'll be out!" shouted Arthur, as Lucy extricated herself from his grasp, and darted to the door. "Stop her."

Harry was already on the alert, and the poor child was again arrested. This time it was decided that her legs and arms should be tied, and silk neckties were off in a minute for the purpose. She could not resist effectually, but revenged herself by shrieking so fearfully, that the boys were on the point of loosing her, when their father and mother entered in great alarm, followed by a young lady very little taller than Constance, in outdoor costume. It was not an attractive introduction to her new pupils for Miss Cottingham. In the centre of the room, with dishevelled hair, untidy dress, her face smeared with tears, and red with passion, stood one little girl, her legs and arms tied fast. Another, with head nearly as untidy, but exhibiting more amusement than rage, stood near the fire; and the two boys, in the height of their power and tyranny, exulting over their enraged victim. Mrs. Gordon's hurried inquiry of what the matter was, was answered by Constance: "The

boys are teasing Lucy, and she's in a passion; that's all."

"She is such a little fury that there is no playing with her," said Arthur, sulkily, as his father pushed him angrily aside. But he and Harry, in spite of their anger at Lucy's screams, were presently set off in paroxysms of laughter by her attempts to hop to her aunt. Even Miss Cottingham smiled a little, though her expression became grave as Lucy gave vent to her passionate invectives while her uncle unfastened the knots that confined her, and sent the boys out of the room.

"They are hateful boys, aunt. They are cruel and wicked. Oh! aunt, aunt, I shall never be happy here. Nobody is like you."

Lucy did not understand how much of the fault lay in herself, and how few she would find in the world, as she lived on, to be such slaves to her whims as her father and aunt. Her uncle remarked quietly, as he threw the neckerchiefs on the table:—

"Lucy, you ought not to scream in this way."

"I couldn't help it, uncle."

"But you must learn to help it. Another time I shall be angry."

"There is nobody in the house like aunt. Everybody is cross to me," she said, throwing herself into her aunt's arms in tears again.

"No, my darling; your uncle is not cross. What he says is true, and you frightened him, and me too, and you will not do it again, I know, when I tell you I am alarmed."

"You speak to me so differently," said Lucy.

"But you must bear the way I speak to you, Lucy," said her uncle, gravely. "I know the boys have behaved very ill, and I am angry with them; but boys will always tease where they find girls can be teased, and you must learn not to mind it more than Constance or Rosamund. They will very likely tease you again; but I do not expect to have the house filled with shrieks every time they do so."

Lucy was hushed by her uncle's tone, but including him in her hatred of her unfeeling cousins, wept silently, with her head in her aunt's lap.—*E. J. May, in "Saxelford."*

(The Editor would like the opinion of readers regarding the attitude of mind of Lucy's uncle, and father of the boys; if his method was the best, and if not, what better way could have been found.)

"Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord his trust."
—*Psalm xl. 4.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE CLEVERNESS OF MOTHERS.

Every one knows more or less of the clever ways in which many animals provide for their young and protect them from harm. We know, for example, that a sand wasp digs a hole in the ground, in which it deposits an egg; that it finds a caterpillar three times as big as itself and stings it so as to paralyze without killing it; that it drags the heavy load to the burrow, and places it conveniently for the larva to eat; that it fills up the hole with earth, scratching like a dog with its forefeet and pressing the soil with its body until the opening is closed neatly and cunningly; that it then flies away on its own business. It has done a series of acts animated by the single purpose of caring for its young in its absence.

When we ask how the wasp knows how to do all these things, we are told that it is by instinct or inherited habit. But how about the first sand wasp? Without trying to answer that question, or to define "instinct," or to explain "inherited habit," perhaps we may come a little nearer to some understanding of the facts if we remember that the devices and labors of insect and bird and beast are for the most part prompted and sustained by mother love. The exceptions, when the fathers take care of the young, are so few that they are almost comical to us. And mother love is capable of inspiring creatures to adapt themselves to new and strange circumstances.

For example, a man kept a pair of waxbills in his study, where they flew about at their pleasure, for the door of their cage was left open all day. Observing that they began to pick up material as if they were inclined to make a nest, the man got a quantity of such stuff as he thought might suit them and scattered it about the room. They took what they chose; the hen bird began building, and went on busily and merrily for some days. Then the work came to a stop, and the man thought they had finished, for there was what he considered a tidy nest in a corner of the cage.

But the birds were uneasy about something. The hen twittered to her mate complainingly, and his answering chirps were doleful. At last the hen bird flew down to the man's desk, faced him, spread out her wings and fluttered them, chattering at a great rate. Evidently she was in trouble of some kind and wished to tell him about it.

He went to the cage, examined the seed box and the water fountain, looked for traces of mice, peeped into the nest, but could not

find anything amiss. The bird remained quiet while he was at the cage, but as soon as he reseated himself at the desk she chattered and fluttered her wings as before. At last it occurred to the man that possibly she desired some softer material than she had wherewith to line her nest. He went to another room, where there was a bunch of pampas grass, and returned with some of the downy tufts and scattered them on the desk. The bird pounced upon the stuff at once, and in a short time the nest was complete and to her liking.

This incident is not one of which I have heard or read. It happened to me.

How did the bird know that I was interested in her work and willing to help? How could she hope to make me understand what she wanted? Her action cannot very well be explained as due to inherited habit, for it is most unlikely that any ancestress of hers had ever been in similar circumstances. The best explanation seems to be that mother love made her capable of extraordinary cleverness.

From The Christian Register.

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

HOLIDAY HOUSE: THE GRAND FEAST.

(Continued from last number.)

Now, there lived in the house a very old footman, called Andrew, who remembered Harry and Laura since they were quite little babies; and he often looked exceedingly sad and sorry when they suffered punishment from Mrs. Crabtree. He was ready to do anything in the world when it pleased the children, and would have carried a message to the moon, if they had only shown him the way. Many odd jobs and private messages he had already been employed in by Harry, who now called Andrew upstairs, entreating him to carry out all those absurd notes as fast as possible, and to deliver them immediately, as they were of the greatest consequence. Upon hearing this, old Andrew lost not a moment, but threw on his hat, and instantly started off, looking like the two-penny postman, he carried such a prodigious parcel of invitations; while Harry and Laura stood at the drawing-room window, almost screaming with joy when they saw him set out, and when they observed that, to oblige them, he actually ran along the street at a sort of trot, which was as fast as he could possibly go. Presently, however, he certainly did stop for a single minute, and Laura saw that it was in order to take a peep into one of the notes, that he might ascertain what they were all about; but as he never carried any

letters without doing so, she thought that quite natural, and was only very glad when he had finished, and rapidly pursued his way again!

Next morning, Mrs. Crabtree and Betty became very much surprised to observe what a number of smart livery servants knocked at the street door, and gave in cards; but their astonishment became still greater, when old Andrew brought up a whole parcel of them to Harry and Laura, who immediately broke the seals, and read the contents in a corner together.

"What are you about there, Master Graham?" cried Mrs. Crabtree, angrily. "How dare anybody venture to touch your grandmamma's letters?"

"They are not for grandmamma!—they are all for us! every one of them!" answered Harry, dancing about the room with joy, and waving the notes over his head. "Look at this direction! 'For Master and Miss Graham!' Put on your spectacles, and read it yourself, Mrs. Crabtree! What delightful fun! The house will be as full as an egg!"

Mrs. Crabtree seemed completely puzzled what to think of all this, and looked so much as if she did not know exactly what to be angry at, and so ready to be in a passion if possible, that Harry burst out a-laughing while he said, "Only think, Mrs. Crabtree! here is everybody coming to tea with us!—all my cousins, besides Peter Grey, Robert Stewart, Charles Forrester, Adelaide Cunningham, Diana Wentworth, John Fordyce, Edmund Ashford, Frank Abercromby, Ned Russell, and Tom!"—

"The boy is distracted!" exclaimed Betty, staring with astonishment. "What does this all mean, Master Harry?"

"And who gave you leave to invite company into your grandmamma's house?" cried Mrs. Crabtree, snatching up all the notes, and angrily thrusting them into the fire. "I never heard of such doings in all my life before, Master Harry! but as sure as eggs are eggs, you shall repent of this; for not one morsel of cake or anything else shall you have to give any of the party; no! not so much as a crust of bread, or a thimbleful of tea!"

Harry and Laura had never thought of such a catastrophe as this before; they always saw a great table covered with everything that could be named for tea, whenever their little friends came to visit them; and whether it rose out of the floor, or was brought by Aladdin's lamp, they never considered it possible that the table would not be provided as usual on such occasions; so this

terrible speech of Mrs. Crabtree's frightened them out of their wits. What was to be done!

They both knew by experience that she always did whatever she threatened, or something a great deal worse, so they began by bursting into tears, and begging Mrs. Crabtree for this once to excuse them, and to give some cakes and tea to their little visitors; but they might as well have spoken to one of the Chinese mandarins, for she only shook her head with a positive look, declaring over and over again that nothing should appear upon the table except what was always brought up for their own supper—two biscuits and two cups of milk.

"Therefore, say no more about it!" added she, sternly. "I am your best friend, Master Harry, trying to teach you and Miss Laura your duty; so save your breath to cool your porridge."

Poor Harry and Laura looked perfectly ill with fright and vexation when they thought of what was to happen next, while Mrs. Crabtree sat down to her knitting, grumbling to herself, and dropping her stitches every minute with rage and irritation. Old Andrew felt exceedingly sorry after he heard what distress and difficulty Harry was in; and when the hour for the party approached, he very good-naturedly spread out a large table in the dining-room, where he put down as many cups, saucers, plates, and spoons as Laura chose to direct; but in spite of all his trouble, though it looked very grand, there was nothing whatever to eat or drink except the two dry biscuits, and the two miserable cups of milk, which seemed to become smaller every time that Harry looked at them.

Presently the clock struck six, and Harry listened to the hour very much as a prisoner would do in the condemned cell in Newgate, feeling that the dreaded time was at last arrived. Soon afterwards, seven handsome carriages drove up to the door, filled with little Masters and Misses, who hurried joyfully into the house, talking and laughing all the way upstairs, while poor Harry and Laura almost wished the floor would open and swallow them up; so they shrank into a distant corner of the room, quite ashamed to show their faces.

The young ladies were all dressed in their best frocks, with pink sashes, and pink shoes; while the little boys appeared in their holiday clothes, with their hair newly brushed and their faces washed. The whole party had dined at two o'clock, so they were as hungry as hawks, looking eagerly round, whenever they entered, to see what was on

the tea-table, and evidently surprised that nothing had yet been put down. Laura and Harry soon afterwards heard their visitors whispering to each other about Norwich buns, rice cakes, sponge biscuits, and macaroons; while Peter Grey was loud in praise of a party at George Lorraine's the night before, where an immense plum cake had been sugared over like a snow-storm, and covered with crowds of beautiful mottoes; not to mention a quantity of noisy crackers, that exploded like pistols; besides which, a glass of hot jelly had been handed to each little guest before he was sent home.

Every time the door opened, all eyes were anxiously turned round, expecting a grand feast to be brought in; but quite the contrary—it was only Andrew showing up more hungry visitors; while Harry felt so unspeakably wretched, that, if some kind fairy could only have turned him into a Norwich bun at the moment, he would gladly have consented to be cut in pieces, that his ravenous guests might be satisfied.

Charles Forrester was a particularly good-natured boy, so Harry at last took courage and beckoned him into a remote corner of the room, where he confessed, in whispers, the real state of affairs about tea, and how sadly distressed he and Laura felt, because they had nothing whatever to give among so many visitors, seeing that Mrs. Crabtree kept her determination of affording them no provisions.

"What is to be done?" said Charles, very anxiously, as he felt extremely sorry for his little friends. "If mamma had been at home, she would have gladly sent whatever you liked for tea; but, unluckily, she is dining out! I saw a loaf of bread lying on a table at home this evening, which she would make you quite welcome to! Shall I run home, as fast as possible, to fetch it? That would, at any rate, be better than nothing!"

Poor Charles Forrester was very lame; therefore, while he talked of running, he could hardly walk; but Lady Forrester's house stood so near, that he soon reached home, when, snatching up the loaf, he hurried back towards the street with his prize, quite delighted to see how large and substantial it looked. Scarcely had he reached the door, however, before the housekeeper ran hastily out, saying:—

"Stop, Master Charles! stop! sure you are not running away with the loaf for my tea;—and the parrot must have her supper, too. What do you want with the bread?"

"Never mind, Mrs. Comfit!" answered Charles hastening on faster than ever, while he grasped the precious loaf more firmly in

his hand, and limped along at a prodigious rate: "Polly is getting too fat; so she will be the better of fasting for one day."

Mrs. Comfit, being enormously fat herself, became very angry at this remark,—so she seemed quite desperate to recover the loaf, and hurried forward to overtake Charles; but the old housekeeper was so heavy and breathless, while the young gentleman was so lame, that it seemed an even chance which won the race. Harry stood at his own door impatiently hoping to receive the prize, and eagerly stretched out his arms to encourage his friend, while it was impossible to say which of the runners might arrive first. Harry had sometimes heard of a race between two old women tied up in sacks, and he thought they could scarcely move with more difficulty; but at the very moment when Charles had reached the door, he stumbled over a stone, and fell on the ground. Mrs. Comfit then instantly rushed up, and seizing the loaf she carried it off in triumph, leaving the two little friends ready to cry with vexation, and quite at a loss what plan to attempt next.

Meantime, a sad riot had arisen in the dining-room, where the boys called loudly for their tea, and the young ladies drew their chairs all around the table, to wait till it was ready. Still nothing appeared; so everybody wondered more and more how long they were to wait for all the nice cakes and sweetmeats which must, of course, be coming; for the longer they were delayed, the more was expected.

The last at a feast, the first at a fray, was generally Peter Grey, who now lost patience, and seized one of the two biscuits, which he was in the middle of greedily devouring, when Laura returned with Harry to the dining-room, and observed what he had done.

"Peter Grey!" said she, holding up her head, and trying to look very dignified, "you are an exceedingly naughty boy to help yourself! As a punishment for being so rude, you shall have nothing more to eat all this evening!"

"If I do not help myself, nobody else seems likely to give me any supper! I appear to be the only person who is to taste anything to-night," answered Peter, laughing, while the impudent boy took a cup of milk, and drank it off, saying, "Here's to your very good health, Miss Laura, and an excellent appetite to everybody!"

Upon hearing this absurd speech, all the other boys began laughing, and made signs, as if they were eating their fingers off with hunger.—*Catherine Sinclair.*

(To be continued.)

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

A "FIRST LINE" PUZZLE.

Each of the following ten quotations forms the first line of a poem by a famous writer. When the ten poems have been rightly guessed, the initials of their titles will spell the surname of the author quoted, who was born in February.

1. "One hundred years ago and something more."
2. "In the valley of the Vire."
3. "In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow lands."
4. "By his evening fire the artist."
5. "Spake full well, in language quaint and olden."
6. "The shades of night were falling fast."
7. "Ye voices, that arose."
8. "When I compare."
9. "What an image of peace and rest."
10. "Here in a little rustic hermitage."

—*St. Nicholas.*

II.

SCRIPTURAL PUZZLE.

Composed of thirty-three letters.

My 9, 4, 22, 25, 32, a merchant of Tarshish.
My 17, 7, 1, 21, 25, 17, a prophet.
My 31, 10, 19, 26, 6, 25, caused iron to swim.

My 7, 25, 24, 3, 17, a high priest who died on the top of a mountain.

My 12, 7, 5, 2, 27, 19, one who refused the command of her husband the king.

My 17, 19, 17, 13, 12, 18, 28, a great city, whose ruins have been discovered within the century.

My 14, 16, 24, 31, a city of immense wealth.
My 23, 20, a giant.

My 22, 7, 22, 29, 10, 11, 17, metropolis of Chaldon.

My whole is a golden text.

—*Contributed.*

III.

COUNTRIES.

It grab at Erin. Dark men. Pain a goat.
I sent tea-dust. U.S.A., Sir. Praise. Gray men. Erin lad. Ann near. Cure ado.
Dan's Colt. Big Mule. Itar, U.S.A. Pass Uri. Wan Roy.

—*Contributed.*

IV.

FAMOUS MEN.

J-c- -o-d- -. An author.
G-o-g- F- -s-i- -o- -. A United States Senator.

-o- - H-n-o-k. A Governor of Massachusetts.

A-d- -w J-c-s-n. A President of the United States.

H-n-y W L-n-f-l-o-. A poet.

V.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In love, but not in sorrow.
In fire, but not in smoke.
In net, but not in trap.
In cold, but not in hot.
In old, but not in new.
In battle, but not in war.
In nest, but not in bird.
My whole is the name of a President, born in February.

Answers to puzzles in the January number.

I. AN ANAGRAMMATICAL AVIARY.—1. The eider duck. 2. Baltimore oriole. 3. Meadow-lark. 4. Turnstone. 5. Cassowary. 6. Ptarmigan. 7. The dodo. 8. Golden eagle. 9. Cormorant. 10. Soland-goose. 11. Golden vulture. 12. Barnacle. 13. Mocking-bird. 14. The shoveler. 15. The starling. 16. Brown thrush. 17. The skylark. 18. The oxe. 19. Gyr Falcon. 20. Humming-bird. 21. The swallow. 22. Kingfisher. 23. The titmouse. 24. Grosbeak. 25. Goldfinch. 26. Stormy petrel. 27. Bluejay. 28. Canary. 29. Sea-mew. 30. Bobolink. 31. Stockdove. 32. Chatterer. 33. Woodpecker. 34. Yellow-hammer. 35. Bird of Paradise. 36. The magpie. 37. Robin-redbreast. 38. Tailor-bird. 39. The butcher. 40. Roadrunner. 41. The martin. 42. The nightingale. 43. Golden pheasant. 44. Sandpiper. 45. The albatross. 46. The whip-poor-will. 47. The rice-bird. 48. The condor. 49. Fieldfare. 50. Goatsucker.

II. FORTUNE-TELLING.—1. Caroline. 2. Octavia. 3. Sophy. 4. Patience. 5. Netty.

III. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Lafayette.

IV. INITIAL LETTER PUZZLE.—Happy New Year.

I wrote down my troubles every day:
And after a few short years,
When I turned to the heartaches passed away,
I read them with smiles, not tears.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

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The regular monthly meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange will be held on Friday, March 2, at 10.30 A.M., at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. All interested are invited to be present.

The work has grown so it is no longer easy for the Book Club Secretary to care for all that pertains to the Club. The following ladies have volunteered to take charge of the different interests:—

FOR SCRAPS FOR PATCHWORK, FOR REQUESTS, OR FOR OFFERS, TO MRS. CAROLINE E. DAVIS, 548 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, LEXINGTON, MASS.

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It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

The Chairman, Mrs. George G. Saville, is at the rooms, 25 Beacon Street, on Thursday afternoons, from 2 until 4.30 P.M.

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